# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1348.


## Original Poetry.

### FOREST LEAVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

I have strayed by the edge of the wildwood dell.
I have mused by the bounding stream;
My heart hath leaped to the warbled lyrics,
And my soul hath caught its gleam.

I have seen the clover-crown the knoll,
I have paused o'er the daisy's bloom,
And bent o'er the lily's crimson shell,
In the heart of the forest gloom.

Night was the turf beneath my feet,
And green were the boughs above me,
They kissed my knee in their airy motion,
And I said the young leaves love me.

Oh, I love to stray 'mid the wildwood dim,
Where the shrub the hill-side weaves,
And list to the step of the joyous wind
As it moves 'mid the starry leaves!

There is not one note in its passing tone
But of hope and youth and joy;
And I think of the fairy host at noon
Of a free and loving boy.

It walks me a dream of my better days,
When my heart was a pitch of gladness,
Ere my brow was tinged with the gloom of thought,
Or my heart had ceased to bound.

I wonder back to the golden haze
When the harp and toy were mine,
And my mother smiled by the cottage door, wild locks,
And I thought her a thing divine.

Oh, I love to stray where the star waves bright,
And list to the leafy tone,
And to the whispers of the dead
Through the green and glossy leaves.

### LINES TO E. B.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Dearest, 'tis ever at this hour
I think the most on thee;
When the moon to circumstances, in absent
Upon the gleaming sea.

Ah! if thou only knew'st how much
Thou'rt revered by me,
Surely 'twould win an answering thought,
One single thought from thee.

I do not ask thy heart, I know
That it is far above
All thoughts of passion here below.
All thrills of human love.

I know thou'rt to the Maker given,
Thy soul His image bears;
I know thy native place is Heaven,
And that is what it shares.

Yet, lovely lady, with thee deign
To cast sometimes a thought
On him whose love, alas! is vain,
In wish devotion fraught;

As deep, as holy and as pure
As e'er to thine one could be,
And whose last thought even in death
Shall still repose on thee.

*Alexandria, La.*

## Original Tales.

### THE AVALANCHE.
**A Tale of the Alps.**

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ANNA FLEMING.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Go to the door, Jenni, and look if you see them coming."

Jenni opened the cottage door, and looked out upon the mountainous region. Snow-covered Alps raised their heads on all sides; and the only path led down from the solitary dwelling into a deep ravine where some dark figures with long poles, were now just perceptible, in the dim afternoon light.

"They are coming, grand-mother, they have crossed the little bridge at the foot of the Jedel, they will be here in half an hour."

"Come in, then, and shut the door, it is very cold, now take your stool and pail, and go to your milking, whilst I bake the cakes. Where is Rene?"

"In his room, I think, grand-mother."

"Well, let him stay there. I was beastly tired of him, this morning, peeping into all my pots and pans. To think of a young man sitting in the house, with a book in his hand, when the Chamois are springing over the cliffs. Why, I would not allow even you to read anything but your Bible; and that silly legend—"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of the subject of it. Mr. Rene Pinel, a great nephew of the old dame, was now on a visit to his Alpine relations, for the first time in his life. His slender form and abundant mustachios showed him to be of dark origin, as advancing into the room, he took a seat in a situation affording him a full view of the fragrant process of cake baking, which his aunt carried on without noticing him.

The various preparations for the evening meal were nearly concluded when the hunters appeared. Gurick, the master of the house, was a tall, weather-beaten mountaineer, of a hardy frame, well adapted to his mode of life. His wife had been a clear complexion in him, so much so, that they were scarcely looked upon as father and son, but known through the valley as the two Gurickes. When the customary bustle of taking off snow-shoes and disposing of the game was over, the family sat down to the meal, which, according to the custom of Switzerland, served as both dinner and supper, the short note of the day preceding the possibility of a noon-tide return from the chase.

"What success had you, Gurick?" asked Jenni, at her brother, when he had somewhat appeased his hunger.

"Capital! capital! if you want to see the spoils, open the door, and look into the stable, and tell me, if you ever saw a finer sight; but we had a hard chase."

"That we had, see, and we shall have a border one to-morrow. Winter wished at us from many a glacier, today."

"It is very extraordinary, uncle," said Rene, "do your winters always begin as early as September?"

"Always; September is our first severe month, and a favorite one in our mountains. The chase is never so good as now."

"It is really incomprehensible! Winter in September! Now, when I left Calais, every body was complaining of the heat; and I never in my life felt warmer than I did to-day, when I came from that week."

"There I agree with you, perfectly, madam, that in this they betrayed their want of sense or wisdom," and he gave Jenni a sly look, who, although much shocked at the open disrespect with which she saw her grandmother treated, was still much amused, and could not refrain from a fit of laughter, in which her cousin joined her.

"This so much enraged Brigitta, that stepping her grand-daughter's wheel, she commanded her to go to bed without delay. Rene soon after, tired with doing nothing all day, followed her example. And soon after, the hunters having got everything in readiness for the morrow's expedition, left the room, not, however, without returning more than once with all monitory hints to old Brigitta.

"The waists, good mother, the waists. I told Jenni to fill them, but I fear she has forgotten it."

"I will see to everything."

"The cheese, mother."

"Yes, yes."

"And the brandy, grand mother.

"Yes."

Some of those nuts, if you please, mother," (putting his head in again.)

"Nuts, indeed! Well, every thing shall be ready."

Left to herself, the old woman replenished the fire, and then applied herself to comply with the directions of her son and grandson, to whom neither she paid the entire obedience which she, in her turn, exacted from her motherless grand-daughter. Another hour, and every inmate of the cottage was in a deep sleep.

#### CHAPTER II.

The next morning was a fine one, and the hunters were all early; saying that they might probably be absent three or four days. Brigitta, Jenni and Rene were left alone in the cottage. The women had their daily occupations, such as attending some feeding cattle, preparing food, &c. Rene lounged about from chair to chair, treated by his great-aunt with a studied coldness which he seemed not to observe. The day passed on quickly, and as the sun descended to the horizon, grey clouds gathered round him, and he shone faintly and gloomily, almost of blue appearance. Jenni was the first to observe this.

"Look at the sky, grand-mother."

A long dull sound echoed from Alp to Alp.

"That is the North wind, grand-mother."

"It shall have snow."

"It will be the first of the season."

"The first is often the heaviest."

The sky soon became almost entirely overcast.

"Snow;" said Rene, yawning, and throwing down his French novel, "are we to have snow?"

"Look at the clouds."

"Ah, yes, I see, there will be a snow-storm to-night; that will make some variety, anything is better than nothing; are your storms violent?"

"Sometimes, very violent."

"I recollect once reading a French story, giving a very amusing account of a snow-storm in the Alps, where several families were completely buried under an avalanche. Do such things ever happen, aunt?"

"Sometimes."

"I don't recollect exactly whether those people ever escaped or not; but I know it was a very amusing story—there was something about goats, and milk, and about cakes. I think they lived on cakes for a month."

"Grand-mother, did you ever hear of an avalanche?"

"Yes, child," said Brigitta, "the year before your mother died, we had a very tremendous storm; and Miller's cow and Heffler's were buried, but they were soon extricated."

"How fearful, how terrible it must be!"

"Don't let thoughts of it keep your wheel, child—idleness will never spin a garment."

Jenni resumed her labor, but not without turning round, every few minutes, to snatch a look at the grey sky. Again, and a third time, the dull sound echoed from mountain to mountain.

"That wind has not a very cheerful sound, Cousin Jenni—though I was trying to think of that story—the principal character was a dancing master. I wonder now, if you ever read it?"

"Yes, I remember, and brought up in habits of economy, and have no time to waste upon idle follies," said old Brigitta, sternly.

"Now, Jenni, I will never read."

"Jenni, take these stockings and darn them."

The evening passed quickly by; the snow-storm and its terrors were forgotten amid the interest inseparable from darning stockings; and even Rene forgot to talk, so much was he absorbed in his novel.

The next morning was one which drew all the little family to the window. The cottage was situated at a short distance from the foot of a mountain. In front was a ravine, bounded on the other side by another towering Alp, or rather, a collection of towering Alps, now shapeless masses of snow, except here and there, where a sharp peak of ice stood erect in glittering nakedness; a solitary bird pursuing its flight, whence alone comes help in time of need. All around, at different distances, and of ever changing heights, were glaciers, bridges, mountains, and valleys, brought up in habits of economy, and have no time to waste upon idle follies," said old Brigitta, sternly.

"Higher, I think."

"And we have are we to get out?"

"Get out?" exclaimed Brigitta, "get out! Heaven is on one side, hell on the other, no one is obliged to leave their dwelling."

"Aunt," asked her, after a silence of some seconds, are we under an avalanche?"

"Why, my dear child, I would not tell me of this beforehand; and give me some chance of escaping out of this horrid snow-hole of yours? As if it were not enough to be imprisoned in such a place half house, half stable, with no books, but my own no society; no anything; but after all to be buried under an avalanche, the worst cases of your detestable country."

"It is the country of your parents."

"Ah, true, I beg your pardon; but tell me, are we all to sit up all night on account of this horrible affair?"

"As you please, with regard to yourself."

"We may as well enjoy our natural rest, even if we are to be buried alive. But there can be no danger of that. We are well used to this fall and provisions, I believe."

"The greater part of our wood is in the outhouse, but there is enough in-doors, for several days. As to food, we can make out for a week, even on cheese—and meal for bread, and with milk—"

"Oh! I see now a reason for your barbarous conduct in being under the same roof with your cattle. As you say, you can obtain milk under these dreadful circumstances, at any hour; and at the last, when your food is exhausted, you can eat your dear bessport of beef. I have told you I have often rose of such accidents, and the very fact of having read them, is in my opinion, a comfortory proof that we shall be dug out—for some one must escape to publish these things. So, good night, Cousin Jenni—keep up your spirits." And he departed.

"You are not going to bed, too, grand-mother?"

"Yes, I am, child; why should I waste my strength in sitting up all night; go to bed yourself, you may come time when sleep will be denied you. Do not tremble so, Jenni, I have no very serious fears of being left to perish here; there is danger, no doubt, great danger; but we shall live and brother are out, thank Heaven! If they have escaped the fury of the storm, they will find their steps homewards before long. Go to bed then, and try to sleep."

Some hours afterwards, the inmates of the cottage were in bed. One only of them was asleep.

#### CHAPTER III.

Morning again! The breakfast-table was spread as usual, with bread and milk, the usual household cheese echoed as before.

"What a morning! grand-mother, a lamp-light one."

"Mournful indeed. How all sat still a sense that they did not live to see it. Don't cry, child; go and fee cows."

"Yes, I will; we deserve a worse sorrow, if, as seem an misfortune come, we forget the poor dumb creatures."

The dear cow opened wide, and Mr. Rene entered, with a bow, saluted in a flowered chintz dressing-gown. "I need morning, ladies, good morning; I make my appearance late, but I hope it will prove no inconvenience to either of you. The fact is, that after a somewhat elaborate toilet, I concluded that a dress-coat would be inappropriate in the present state of affairs, but my flowered dressing-gown is just the thing—light, graceful, airy, and warm at the same time, having forgotten to bring my—my—"

"Your winding-sheet, perhaps you mean, young man."

"No, by no means—where are you going, Cousin Jenni? Allow me to have the pleasure of accompanying you," and he followed the peasant girl into the stable, where she was from one favorite to another, fondling and caressing.

"I was about to remark—really you should not go so near those formidable horns—I was about to remark, that that old relation of ours, has a very extraordinary manner of talking—don't you think so? Let me hold the lamp. Such very extraordinary speeches as she makes—so unsophisticated, to say the least."

Jenni felt no inclination to talk; silently she fed all the cattle. A strong attachment to these animals is early implanted in the hearts of children, among the Swiss. This, with Jenni, had increased with her years. Each one had its own particular claim—one had been her mother's favorite; another was unusually swift of foot; a third was remarkable for her silkiness; a fourth, for a peculiar and much prized shade of brown; a fifth was blind. No wonder, then, if Jenni embraced one after another, and talked to them of the dreadful event which had made them fellow-sufferers.

They soon returned to the kitchen.

"Did you put oil in the lamps, grand-mother?"

"Yes, child, I could not forget that."

"Oh how happy we were yesterday morning, and yet we returned thanks not, nor felt ourselves blessed that we could enjoy the light of day."

Jenni and her grand-mother attended to all their necessary occupations. The latter with her habitual gravity, Jenni, with a nervous promptness, the result of fear. But, accustomed to the strict self-restraint in which her grand-mother had enforced her, she said little or nothing. Strange to tell, Rene either felt, or pretended to feel, no fear; he lounged about, grumbled at the imperfect light, and wished lighting every lamp the house afforded. A scheme to which his great-aunt vehemently objected, on the score of economy. The day wore on, and the lamp burned on: a gloom, cold and dark settled upon every one; even Rene, at last.

A second night—but no one spoke of going to bed—had—that friend in sorrow, had lost its consoling power. All three sat in different parts of the room, avoiding each other's eyes. In vain the cats rubbed against every leg of every chair; and finally climbed upon the table, to endeavor to reach the shoulders of those who had so lately welcomed them.

Hour after hour—the dim lamp that hung from the ceiling was their only sun; and he, being always in the meridian, there was now a continual noon of night. How after hour—still the same dreadful silence, which now, no one of them, although almost in a state of frenzy, dared to break.

"Hark!—a noise!—a distant sound of a spade! breaking the hitherto impenetrable silence. Rene started up; Jenni uttered a scream of delight; old Brigitta folded her hands upon her breast, and said, as she had done at the first approach of danger—God's will be done."

Louder and louder the sounds became, and more and more distinct.

"It is father and Gurick! I knew Heaven would not desert us; I told you so, grand-mother."

"Do you dal, child, down on your knees, then, and thank Him."

Jenni obeyed.

"The shadow of death has been upon us, child; it is now passing away. Let us use that we come out purer from under it."

"How soon may we hope to be liberated?" asked Rene.

"Not for some hours."

"Hours! indeed! they should manage these things better," said Rene. "I shall complain to your police, such matters should be looked to—the government is exceedingly remiss—but I forget—I am a-lotta. Ellen—I shall be obliged to them before I leave the country, and there may be strangers at work. But where is Miss Jenni? Ha! I see a blue petticoat in the snow-hole."

Following her, Rene found her shedding tears over her favorites, and telling them the good news.

"Come! look up with your blind eyes, old Ida, the good sun shall shine on you again, poor helpless Ida, a cold sun to be sure, but warmer than a lamp. You, too, pretty silk-skin, shall live to follow me down the mountain path, in the spring. Nanni will be glad, too, and Ruth, to see Gurick again, for he loves the poor patient creatures."

Louder and louder, nearer and nearer, came the sound of the spades and pick-axes, together with the barking of dogs, and many human voices. And deeper and more intense became the eager attention of those within, who laughed now and then with a vague fear that something might yet intervene to prevent their release.

The cat jumped on the table and applied herself unobstructed to the bowl of milk, the fire died almost out; no one felt hunger or cold. There they were, quiet spectators, or motionless now, as they had been before in their despair.

A hatchet struck the roof! Who sat still now—a moment more, and the shining steel glittered in, and with it, as if from it, the light of Heaven, That, in an instant streaming down, watched in every corner, illuminating every iron pot and wooden shoe, and human face, all, except the lamp, which, in the sudden noise, now shrunk in a dim, contemptible redness, in the midst of a square of smoky glass.

Who shall describe what happened next!

#### CHAPTER IV.

The scene is in a tenth-rate fancy store, in a dark narrow street in the town of Calais. On a counter, eight blue and half of alternate panels, are seated five or six young men.

What can they be talking about? Let us listen, Under an avalanche!"

"Actually buried alive for a fortnight, under an avalanche, with a pretty cousin, and a savage old great aunt. Really, it was the most astonishing thing in the world. I foretold it all by the direction of the wind; but the people of that country are so stupid, and obstinate to a degree."

"There was plenty of screaming, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, screaming and hanging on my neck. If I had not been for my presence of mind, the poor girl would have died of fright. I was everything to them; I had some troublesome bravado the last, they tried to catch me for the daughter, but they could not accomplish that."

#### LEGAL PHRASEOLOGY.

The uninitiated are accustomed to treat with ridicule the preciseness and particularity of legal forms; and it must be confessed that they do occur frequently. Yet this style of legal document is very ancient, and has resisted the assaults of ridicule for several thousand years. The oldest deeds of lands of which we have any record, is that of Ephron the Hittite to Abraham, conveying to him the field and cave of Machpelah. The transaction is also described in the Bible, and the record was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham for a possession." Gen. xxxiii, 17. Now here is as much particularity as the case admitted. Every incident in the possession of the field is particularly expressed. The field, the cave, and the trees in all the borders. The most complicated and cumbrous modern conveyance are more, but as the incidents of modern tenures are more cumbrous, the writing is more full, but not more scrupulously particular. A custom that has lasted so long, among so many people, and in the midst of so many changes of laws, and even of constitutions, must have its foundation in some settled philosophical principle.

## Beautiful Poem.

### THE NIGHT COMETH.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The night cometh, when no man can work."

Ye, who in the field of human life
Quickening seeds of wisdom fain would sow,
Pause not for the angry tempest's strife,
Shrink not from the noontide's fervid glow,—
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Sheds abroad its pure and blessed ray.
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who at man's mightiest engine wield,
Moulding subtle thoughts into potters,
Oh, stay not, for wearisome, your hand,
Till ye fix the bounds of truth's dominion;
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Sheds upon your toil its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, to whom a prophet voice is given,
Stirring men as by a trumpet's call,
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven,—
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall.
Know the world's great work, while yet the day
Breaks life's slumber with its blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Ye, who in home's narrow circle dwell,
Where Love's flame lights up the household hearth,
Weave the silken bond, and frame the spell,
Binding earth's best joys around each mirth;
Pleasant toil is yours: the light of day
On sought holier deeds is blessed ray,
Yet the Night cometh!

Diverse though our paths in life may be,
Each is sent some mission to fulfil;
Fellow-workers in the world are we,
While we seek to do our Master's will.
But our dome is labor, while the day
Points us to our task, with blessed ray,
For the Night cometh!

Fellow-workers are we! hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great schemes,
Till we see no limit to man's power,
And reality surpasses all dreams.
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In "God's Acre" ye shall calmly sleep
When the Night cometh!

## Life in Mexico.

### A MEXICAN REVOLUTION.

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

If any respect was ever paid in this country to Mexico, it has long since disappeared. The nation on the face of the earth occupies at this moment so low a position. The people, it is evident, cannot govern themselves; they have neither the sense to be quiet under authority, nor the ability to frame a government which can protect itself from dissolution. Their conduct is a curious mixture of ignorance and wall-like rapacity; but what else can be expected from three centuries of Spanish mismanagement? The government of a race of imbeciles is as little favorable to intelligence as public and private virtue.

Incapable of managing themselves, the Mexicans are for ever breaking out in revolutionary to-mults; a revolution, or, as they have called a previous one—that is, a declaration in favor of some new chief. The narrative of one of these semi-comic affairs, by an eye-witness, is worth striking a sketch of revolutionary tactics and achievements, that we shall permit him to tell his own story, premising that, having resided for several years in the western coast of the American continent, he was well qualified to describe the proceedings of which he was a spectator. The scene of action was the old fashioned city of Guaymas, which city he found in an uproar. "A revolution," he says, "had broken out some days before, and the history of it is like the history of all revolutions in Mexico; as absurd in origin, and contemptible in result, as they are original in detail.

"The commandant of the place, General Tobar, was an old soldier, active and crafty, who, having been for several years engaged in pacifying the native tribes, became weary of constrained inaction. The fame of the President, Santa Anna, the man of pronunciamentos and counter-pronunciamentos, prevented him from sleeping. As it is always glorious for a Mexican to pronounce for or against his rulers, General Tobar declared against the President, and was at he head of his downfall. Such an event deranged all the General's plans, and delayed their execution. He got rid of vexation, he mounted his horse, and gave himself up with more spirit than ever to his favorite pastime. Reclining on the broad Mexican saddle, and covered by the massive serape, he galloped across the plains in pursuit of the wild cattle. Singling out a bull, he seized him by the hairy tuft at the end of the tail; the animal lowered his head to resent the insult, but his persecutor, speeding by, cut through the sinews of his hind legs. his hind quarters from the ground, and before the bull could understand the proceeding, with a rapid motion he was at his station on the ground.

"The General was sometimes assisted in this diversion by his Lieutenant, Casillas, a soldier of fortune, intrepid and reckless, and a thorough native of Cortes. He was what is called in Mexico a *hombre a-catalla*, that is, he could break a wild horse in two hours, pace up an object from the earth at full gallop, throw the lasso, and knock down three enemies of once—one with his sword, another with his stirrup, and the third with his horse. In the days of chivalry he would have been a chevalier without fear, but not without reproach. Over-burdened with debts, he was shunned alike by those who were his creditors, and those who dreaded being added to the number. With all these qualities, Casillas was only a Lieutenant. General Tobar, however, considered him likely to make a good partisan, and as they rode along side by side after their merciless chase, he inquired abruptly of his subordinate, if the time seem desirably long to you, now that the state is so quiet? For my part I am quite weary of nothing to do. The dags of fortune give no further signs of life.'

"Two days nearly nearly exterminated them,' answered Casilas, gravely 'I wish I could say the same of my creditors.'

"'I have other subjects of complaint,' continued the General, 'as well as weariness. Is it not scandalous, on the part of the central government, to appoint the rascal Santa Anna for ever? Is there is only that of a garrison-commandant, while I merit something better. Whence is justice now-a-days? I have hoped to march into the city of Mexico, or make myself Governor, and I could support you as!'

"When shall we march upon Mexico,' demanded Casilas, laughing, 'and call upon the sovereign Congress to make me a Captain!'

"'I will tell you soon,' replied Tobar, majestically; 'meantime, Santa Anna for ever!'

"'Santa Anna or death!' shouted Casillas, and the two revellers rode back in high spirits.

"As soon as the scheme was concocted, confederates were found in abundance. Casillas was entrusted with the choice of the troops. They were principally young men of distinguished families, but degraded habits, some of them well known to the Alcalde and his officials as implicated in one or two assassinations. The opportunity of paying their debts at the expense of others was too good to be lost, and they flocked eagerly to Tobar's standard. The night preceding the execution of their project, about twenty of the party met to deliberate on their proceedings. Opinions ran high; some were for burning the city and slaughtering the inhabitants en masse; others, however, opposed so barbarous a project, and at last a list of names was made out, whose owners were doomed to execution. Each man present considered it his duty to place on the list the name of the creditor he most hated, or the Alcalde who had caused him most vexation. On this point Casillas kept a profound silence, as he did not wish for the destruction of the whole city. The next proposition was to march upon Mexico, after having made themselves masters of the fort. This led to a hot discussion. One suggested that if the garrison were not to be massacred, a bribe might purchase their co-operation; but these was not a single patriot among the whole company. The final resolution was, to surprise the fort at day-break, and seize the public treasure, locked up in the revenue chest at the custom-house. Before they separated, Tobar was named Governor of the State; Casillas was made a Captain, each officer present rose a step in rank; and those who were only citizens, dubbed themselves officers.

"At daybreak, the conspirators, armed to the teeth, marched silently through the city; and halting beneath the walls of the fort, summoned the garrison to surrender, with cries of 'Santa Anna for ever!' The soldiers inside slept on undisturbed, for the row, which had so greatly excited the cupidity of the insurgents, entered the port; and at the same moment the last of the pronunciamentos captains—galloped from the city.

"On my subsequent peregrinations through the country, I fell in with the principal members of the provisional government of Guaymas, hiding in obscure villages, excepting one. Casillas, of whom I felt much interested, but his friends had never heard of him since the day on which his command came to so sudden a termination. Gutierrez, the clerk, went back to his desk, as though he had forgotten all about his daring midnight ride, and his share of the public funds. General Tobar was more fortunate; his rank placed him too high to be easily disturbed by a political storm. After a brief suspension, his command was restored to him; and the peculiar tion of his pronunciamentos became confounded with many others which have shaken, and will again shake, the ill-constituted government of Mexico."

## Our Scrap Book.

### HOW HE WON HER.

We hope the moral of the following sketch will be productive of much good. Young men who are ambitious of success in the matrimonial line should study well the grand secret. Our friend who farmed it, will, we say he sees no reason why it should not be true.

A young lady of eccentric character, but of rare mental endowments and extraordinary personal attractions, had five suitors equally assiduous in their attentions. Unable to decide upon which she would bestow her hand, she invited them to call upon her at a certain hour on a stated day, and each state his claims in the presence of the others. At the appointed time, the lovers were there. Four of them were confident of success, but the fifth had a downcast look, and sighed when he beheld the object of his devotion.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you have honored me with proposals of marriage. I have, as yet, neither refused nor accepted any of you. I now desire that each of you will state your claims to my hand, in order that I may know upon what grounds I may be justified in making a choice."

A speaker next —

My rival has said very truly that he is rich, and he offers you a strong inducement; but I am of noble descent. My grandfather was a duke; and, although not wealthy, I am of a family with whom alliance would be considered an honor, by the wealthiest heiress of the land."

C stated his claims thus —

"I am a gentleman, and have now a reputation that older persons have envied. Next year I shall run for Congress, and I have no doubt of success. By marrying me your name will be handed down to posterity."

B pursed his mountache with the air of an exquisite, and said —

"Angelic creature! You my soul I think you have already made up your mind to accept me. You know how demonally I am admired Who is the most fashionable dresser in town? Who rides the finest horse? Who is the leader of most fashionable places? Who is a better judge of the opera? Rumor says D, but 'pon honor, I'm too modest to insist upon it."

When it came to F's time to speak, there was a pause. All eyes were turned towards him. Poor fellow! he was dreadfully embarrassed.

"Well," said the lady, "what say you, Mr. E?"

Alas!" was the reply, "I yield to those gentlemen. They have the advantage of me in every respect." And he took up his hat to leave.

"Stop," said the lady; "make your statement; no matter how humble may be your claims."

"I am poor."

"Go on."

"I am unknown to the world. I have neither the taste nor the means to draw fashionably. I work for my livelihood. It is hardly possible that I can make you happy, for I can offer you none of the inducements held out by my rivals."

"I am to judge of that, sir; what next?"

"Nothing, only I love you, and take a newspaper."

At this Messrs. A, B, C and D burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, in one voice,—"So do we —I love you to distraction—I take four papers! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Silence!" said the lady; "in one month you shall hear my answer. You may all withdraw."

At the end of the month the suitors again appeared. Turning to each in succession, the lady thus answered —

"Riches are not productive of happiness." "Boasted nobility of blood is the poorest of all recommendations." "Taste is fleeting, and he that has but the outward garb of a gentleman is to be pitied." "I have taken the trouble to find out the name of the newspaper for which you all subscribe, and I have ascertained that none of you, who have boasted of wealth, nobility, fame or fashion, have paid the printer. But one gentleman, this is dishonest. I cannot think of marrying a man who would be guilty of such an act. I have learned that F not only subscribes for a paper, but pays the printer in advance!' Therefore, I say, he is the man. I give him my hand with the full conviction that he is one in every way calculated to make me happy."

Need we extend our narrative? The disappointed gentlemen congratulated each other on their lucky escape and united to the object of his devotion, and, in a few years, by honesty and industry, became not only a distinguished, but a wealthy man, and was esteemed by all who knew him. Young men, be *paid the printer*. Is there no moral in this?—*Washington Sen.*

A Gloss Hit.—Lord Stanley, some time ago, alladed to Lord Brougham as "the noble lord who had just taken his seat." Any chancing to look round, and seeing the ex-chancellor jumping about like a cricket, begged pardon, and said he meant his noble friend who "never took his seat."—(Great Laughter.)

# United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1847.


## TERMS.

Single copies $2 per annum in advance—$3 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years.

To CLUBS we make the following ANNUAL OFFERS:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 4 COPIES, | $5.00 | PER ANNUM. | |
| 8 " | $10.00 | " | " |
| 13 " | $15.00 | " | " |
| 18 " | $20.00 | " | " |

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "THE FOUNTAIN," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fountain," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

## TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

## POST OFFICE DRAFTS.

Subscribers would oblige us by availing themselves of the above mode of remittance, when at all convenient. Being entirely safe, more than compensates for the additional trouble.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED. "Lines, by J. Y.;" "To Her I Love;" and "Life's Endings," are respectfully declined.

M. L. B.'s communication is of scarcely sufficient general interest to warrant its publication.

THE HOUSEHOLD TREE. This and the accompanying poem are accepted. We will comply with the author's request.

## A GUERILLA WAR.

Recent intelligence from the Rio Grande leaves but little doubt that the Mexicans have resolved upon a Guerilla contest, attended with all the butchery and cold-blooded carnage which have ever signalized the partisan warfare of the Spanish race. An order from Canales, the notorious cavalry officer, has been *found* upon the Alcalde of Guerrero, who was taken prisoner by Lieutenant Bee of Lamar's company of rangers, which not only authorizes but commands, upon pain of death, a rising of the whole Mexican population of the valley of the Rio Grande, not even excepting the priests; and instructs them to wage a war of extermination against the Americans. The order of Canales, which, on account of its importance, we publish entire in another column, says: "Martial law being in force, you are bound to give *no quarters* to any American whom you may meet, or who may present himself to you, *even though he be without arms*."

It will be seen that Canales excuses this resort to assassination and murder, under the plea of revenging American barbarities—but he doubtless well knows that not only have the American forces as a general thing behaved themselves in the most orderly manner for an army, but that Gen. Taylor is actively engaged in ferreting out the perpetrators of the recent shameful murders, and declared his determination to inflict immediate and exemplary punishment upon them. This excuse is therefore a mere pretext to resort to measures which in any case had been resolved upon.

For it is most natural and inevitable that the Mexicans should resort in the present posture of their affairs to a partisan warfare. It was our own course in the South, under Marion, Lee and other renowned leaders, during the war of the Revolution, and is the most expedient course for a weak nation to adopt when engaged in a contest with a strong one. A partisan or Guerilla war is not, therefore, to be censured of itself, but only when waged without regard to the laws and courtesies of civilized warfare. The fact that the Spanish race has ever proved itself, when brought to such desperate straits, cruel, treacherous, and nearly entirely destitute of magnanimity, is what has blended such dark odium with the name of the Guerilla. In the Peninsular war, poison and the stiletto were the constant weapons of a population that feared to meet their antagonists in open combat, even when supported by the tried courage of British veterans and the renown of Wellington.

That the Mexicans had not followed sooner the cowardly and despicable example set them by their European ancestors, has been a matter of surprise to us. We have been disappointed in the numerous battles that have taken place, and gratified at the proof they afforded that the mixed Mexican race is superior to the original Spanish. And this gives us a gleam of hope that these orders of Canales will either be disavowed by the government, or else practically repudiated by the people to whom they are addressed.

But if such should not be the case, what will be the result of this cruel war of races? One of two things—the expulsion of our troops from Mexico, or a permanent settlement of the country; or probably both, in a degree. That is, the withdrawal of the Americans from the thickly settled portions of the country, and a permanent settlement by emigration of the vacant and thinly inhabited portions, which lie contiguous to the United States. As for "conquering a peace," about which so much has been said, we are always reminded when we hear the phrase, of the old adage that "ten men may carry a horse to the water, but a hundred cannot make him drink."

But if Mexico engages in a war of extermination against our troops, are we to make reprisals, and to murder unarmed Mexicans because she has murdered in cold blood unarmed Americans? We shudder at such a picture of carnage. And yet if peace be not established, either a mutual or a virtual peace, such a state of things may soon be upon us. It does not become us as a neutral press to go further, and say what should be done in this perilous conjuncture, but it does befit all men, of whatever party, who profess to be dear lovers of their country and friends of the sacred cause of truth and freedom the world over, to call upon those who fill the high places of power, to avert, if possible, so horrible a catastrophe.

## DOMBEY AND SON.

Number Eight of "Dombey and Son," which came to hand by the last steamship, is still less interesting than number seven. Dickens seems to be making up his mind what he shall do next, and in the interim, spins out the merest common-place to satisfy his engagements with his publishers. Nothing has been heard of the ship in which Walter embarked, and some fears are felt by Walter's friends, Florence of course included, as to his safety. The most startling thing, however, in the present number, is the unaccountable disappearance of Walter's uncle from his dwelling, leaving a note for Captain Cuttle, requesting him to take up his abode at the "wooden midshipman," and keep that old young gentleman, and the rest of the establishment in order. No clue whatever is given to the motives that impelled the old man to such a singular course, but the reader suspects that his true motive was a desperate endeavor to add a little interest to this dullest of all the numbers of "Dombey" that have yet appeared. We trust that Mr. Dickens will be able to pull up a little by another number, for if he does not, the majority of his readers may possibly begin to conclude, that little Paul's death has not only broken everybody's heart, but likewise the heart of the story.

## THE TELEGRAPH.

A New York paper says that an order to sell one hundred shares of a certain kind of stock at a certain rate was sent over the wires to Boston, and in just *twelve* minutes from the time the order was left in the New York office, the reply that the sale was accomplished was at the office of the broker ordering it, in Wall street. That was quick work—and some poor fellow doubtless suffered by it.

## BANKING AND MOONSHINE.

The United States Gazette says:—

There is a petition before the Parliament of Great Britain, which complains of certain operations of the Bank of England, by which, (it is said,) the Bank, in the time of great scarcity of cash, cannot lend money, while in time of plenty, she has an abundance.

This seems to us very like the complaint once made against the moon in a dark night. She was always about in a light night, when nobody wanted her, but let there be a dark night, and she had no light to bestow.

It seems to us that banking, in this country, has often been even a little more like moonshine, than our neighbor of the Gazette pictures it. For instance, we have seen

"Banks
All silvered o'er with moonshine,"

in two senses, many a time, even in our own short experience. And Shakspeare, it is well known, says,

"How sweet the moonshine slumbers on this *bank*."

alluding, as we may suppose, to certain transactions of a rather more shining than substantial quality in his day.

But, seriously, perhaps the greatest objection to banks, and it is a real one, notwithstanding the editor of the Gazette so cleverly hits it off, is the very one urged in the petition above alluded to. There is hardly any good person or institution but what has its weak point, and this is the weak point of the Banking system. When exchanges are in a favorable state, and money, of itself, (gold and silver, we mean,) would be plenty, the banks by a large issue of notes are generally disposed to make it even more plentiful; and when exchanges, from national extravagance or some other cause, begin to turn, and gold and silver begin to grow scarce, then the banks are compelled to call in their loans. Thus it follows that the currency fluctuates more than it otherwise would. And it works in this way—the man who borrows from a bank as a private capitalist, when money is plenty, if he is compelled to pay up when money is scarce, has to pay back really more, and often much more, than he received. Taking a bushel of wheat as the measure of value, if the farmer borrows when wheat is worth a dollar a bushel, and has to pay back when, owing to the scarcity of money, it is worth seventy-five cents, he really returns thirty-three and a third per cent. more than he borrowed.

Now, any plan by which the Banking system could be so regulated as to retard and oppose, instead of aiding and accelerating, this natural tendency of the currency to expand and contract, would be a source of much benefit to the great mass of the community.

Since writing the above, we have met with the following sensible remarks of the Boston Chronotype, relative to the recent disclosures made as to the conduct of the President of the New England Bank, who it appears was accused by the Directors of appropriating to his own uses about sixty thousand dollars, properly belonging to the bank. The Chronotype says, referring to the statements of the Directors:—

They talk about Mr. Marett's having reserved to himself a portion of the earnings of the bank, while it appears from the accounts that he always allowed to the bank the legal interest for the notes he shaved in the street. Is the uninitiated public to understand from this that it is the duty of a bank president to shave notes at higher than the usual interest for the benefit of the bank? It must, or else Mr. Marett did not wrong the bank at all. It must gather from this new State street revelation that banks do earn money by what used to be called usury—the banks do shave in the street, and make money panics on purpose to shave. It is true, some bold pecuniary blasphemers have said such things before, but here the directors of the New England Bank said it in causing Mr. Philip Marett to resign. If the notion which the vulgar have been taught to entertain about our pure and venerable moneyed institutions is true, not one cent of that sixty thousand dollars belonged to the bank. It either belonged to Mr. Marett or to the unfortunates out of whom it had been shaved. Now we have it, on the authority of one of the oldest and most respectable banks, that usurious interest of right belongs to the banks as part of their earnings.

We suppose this usurious interest is not usually hauled into the banks by their presidents, and we suppose Mr. Marett did not appear personally in the street in his transactions, but *did* the public through the intervention of brokers.

There may be the most perfect honesty in this dealing of the banks with the public, at one time letting out money flush, and at low interest, so that private lenders are obliged to invest their capital and borrowers are tempted to enlarge business, and then refusing to discount, so as to *earn* money in the street; but we are unfortunately unable to see it. As between the bank and Philip Marett, the former squeezing $60,000 of "earnings" out of the latter, and then keeping the matter whist before the public, we can see no difference of roguery. It is simply a quarrel between a corporation of rogues and an individual rogue about the appropriation of the plunder. If it is all fair to shave notes at all sorts of interest, let it be done at the bank counters, and if a Philip Marett appropriates the "earnings," let him be dealt with as an embezzling clerk would be.

We do not exactly see what right a parcel of honest men have to settle and hush up a piece of roguery, merely because the delinquent gives up the plunder. Law-abiding men commonly consider that the public has an interest in such a matter, and that it does not exactly square with their duty to their fellow citizens to compound such a felony, and let the felon loose to prey upon others. Perhaps the directors of the New England Bank would have taken this view of the matter if they had not a stronger eye to the "earnings."

## THE PROSPECT IN MEXICO.

A letter from a gentleman now in Mexico, published in the New York *Courrier des Etats Unis*, gives the following opinions as to the state of affairs in that country.

He thinks that the Guerilla movement will not amount to anything—only ten men out of the whole of Salas' regiment entering the Guerilla corps La Venganza. The efforts made to arouse the people by exaggerated statements of American barbarity, will, he thinks, be fully counteracted by the measures pursued by our government relative to the Tobacco and other monopolies, and the business that springs up wherever the army moves, on account of its large expenditures for provisions, &c.

He corroborates these views by the statement that several newspapers have openly justified the farmers for selling their grain and cattle to the invaders, and that a capitalist at Jalapa has discounted a draft for $200,000 for Gen. Scott, while he had only a few days previous refused a similar discount of only $10,000 to Santa Anna. He argues, in one word, that "the successes of our arms have paralyzed those in favor of the war, while the confidence, quiet and increase of business which have followed the track of our army, have changed the current of feeling among the larger and better class in the country."

We have thought well to lay the above views before our readers, as the sober judgment of an intelligent man, who has an excellent opportunity of arriving at sound opinions, even while we are very skeptical ourselves as to his conclusions.

He moreover says that Santa Anna at the last advices had a force at Orizaba of 7,000 men, and twenty-one pieces of cannon, with which he intended to harass the rear of Scott, on the latter's march to the city of Mexico. Mexico will be defended according to the reports, by 6,000 of the National Guard, 3,000 regulars from Toluca, and 4,000 from San Luis, with ten pieces of cannon. The probability is, however, that it will be taken without striking a blow.

## LAW AND CARDS.

A novel mode of settling a law case, was recently resorted to in Mackinaw. The jury being unable to agree, another jury was empanneled—they disagreed also, and so on until several juries had had the matter under consideration, with a like result. It was then proposed that the suit should be decided by a game of Euchre, the best in five. Accordingly each attorney selected a judge from the bench for his partner, the game was played out, and thus the matter was decided to the satisfaction of all concerned.

We think the "glorious uncertainty of the law" must be at a maximum in Michigan, when parties are willing to resort from it to the inglorious but equally uncertain chances of cards.

## THE VOMITO.

The Vera Cruz correspondent of the N. O. Picayune, under date of May 11th, says:—

Quite an excitement is produced among the unacclimated this morning, by reports of the appearance of the *vomito*. Two deaths have occurred during the night, and both are attributed to that dread disease. One victim was a French lady, and the other, Mr. Smith, the Sutler of the Pennsylvania Regiment. Both were in full health two days ago.

## THE CATHOLIC BIBLE.

We see it stated that Mr. Newman, the celebrated English Puseyite, is about to be employed, under the sanction of the Pope, to revise and modernise the *Douay* and *Rheims* translation of the scriptures; and it is not improbable that, under regulations, these or portions of them, may be used in Roman Catholic Schools.

## A WORD IN SEASON.

The editor of the Boston Transcript, who is a lady and a *Miss*, thus comments upon the many anecdotes relative to the softer sex, which are set afloat in the newspapers. As a general thing, the men have the entire control of the press, and therefore it is not to be wondered at, though of course to be highly censured and regretted, that these anecdotes generally "tell" against the ladies. However, considering the opportunities the "sterner sex" have, we think they use their power with about as much magnanimity as could be expected, though a reproof like the following occasionally from Miss Walter and other literary ladies, will doubtless do considerable good:

It is quite diverting to watch the items circulating amongst the wide range of newspapers, and to note how many of them in the shape of *anecdotes*, are made to tell against what is termed "the softer sex"—that is against WOMAN. And indeed, woman is so often represented in these journals, as being a "scold and a "shrew," that the appellations of "soft" and "gentle" by which the sex is designated, almost seem like misapplication. Take for instance, an anecdote from the Honolulu Polynesian, the editor of which racy little journal states that a gentleman of that town was some years ago on board a steamer when her boiler burst. He was asked by a friend if he felt any ill effects from the same? He innocently replied, "Feel any ill effects? Lord bless your soul, I'm so regularly blown up every day by my wife, that mere steam has no effect upon me!"

Now this anecdote may be very laughable, but it reads very much to us as if it were *made for the occasion*—made for the amusement of one sex at the expense of the other. These coarse jokes are getting to be quite too common; they are as common as falsehood, and this notwithstanding what is called the world's advancement, or, as the transcendentalists would say—"*betterment*." A good joke is a good thing, and should be as proper as *truth*, and surely when founded upon this latter basis, neither sex would demur against it. Women, after all, are very much as they are made to be by the treatment of the lordly sex—conciliating when they are kindly entreated; wise and dignified when regarded as rational creatures, but inefficient and inane when they are toyed with as playthings or flattered as weak simpletons. And as to this same man of whom the Polynesian speaks, we doubt not that he was as savage as the vilest barbarian of that once uncivilized country, else he would have escaped the "steam" of his wife's wrath, or what is more likely, he would never have excited it. If Xantippe was a scold, we do not believe that Socrates was a saint, despite all his philosophy and learning. When a good woman, says Sheridan Knowles, is fitly mated, she grows doubly good; and Watts, who lived long before Knowles, compares an ill-assorted pair to "Sampson's young foxes."

*Moral.* Men should never blow up their wives unless they expect to be blown up themselves.

Much as we like the greater portion of the above article, we think Miss Walter's reference to Xantippe and Socrates is not a very fortunate one. It seems to us bad policy to knock down one's own argument by quoting a case that proves just the opposite. It is best to leave that to your antagonist.

## TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

It was stated at the recent anniversary meeting of the American Temperance Union, in New York, by the Rev. John Marsh, Chairman of the Executive Committee, that 70,000 American Seamen had signed the pledge, that five hundred distilleries had been closed in Sweden, that there were 1,200,000 members of Temperance Societies in Germany, and 2,000,000 in England, Scotland and Wales.

On the other side, we learn by the English papers, that sixty million bushels of bread stuffs are annually converted into intoxicating poison by the distillers and brewers of Great Britain,—even now while seven millions of her poor are starving for want of food.

There is very little drunkenness in France, and consequently very few Temperance Societies, in consequence of wine being the drink of the people, instead of distilled or malt liquors. The consumption of wine in France is very great, though hardly so much, we should think, as we have seen stated, i. e., "thirty-six gallons per head," or rather per *throat*. But the French wines are very mild, and a bottle drank at dinner has no more effect than that much water; and as a consequence the thirst is quenched and the stomach filled, before enough has been taken to produce intoxication.

The consumption of French wine in England is very small and yearly decreasing. Recent statistical accounts show that while the population of England has doubled, the consumption of French Wines has decreased 1,500,000 gallons, leaving but an average of one-fourth of a gallon to each person. The Englishman loves his brandy, his beer and his gin, and the Irishman his whiskey—and we suppose if wine now could be made as cheap as the three last, it would be turned away from as too insipid.

## TOM THUMB.

Our readers generally may not know that Tom Thumb is a "Yankee notion," having been born in that land of steady habits and wooden-nutmegs, Connecticut. Tom's parents, who have always accompanied him on his travels, are well grown, fine looking persons. Besides the General, who has rendered them famous, they have other children, who glory with true American independence, in being "nothing remarkable." So it goes in this world. One man prides himself on his bigness, and another on his littleness. While the efforts of politicians, millionaires, &c., are continually to swell, and look large, Tom Thumb's desire is rather to decrease than otherwise. And yet Tom is not humble; on the contrary, he is proud. He glories in being the pet of princes, the favorite of nobles, and the point of attraction to countless thousands. What a commentary upon poor human nature—that even Tom Thumb, such a little fellow as he is, should have his weak points!

## THE RAIN.

We do not know when the sound of rain has been so pleasant to us as on last Sunday evening. After nearly imperceptible drizzlings at intervals through the day, which were not so much like rain as like the weeping of the clouds because they could not rain; down came at length, about nine o'clock in the evening, the welcome torrents. We had been without a rain worthy of the name for a month at least, and vegetation in this section of the Union was suffering much for want of it, while the roads were filled with dry clouds of dust, and the streets not much better. Truly, therefore, the pattering of the rain drops was pleasanter than music to the ears of both citizen and farmer. So general in fact was the desire for rain, that we think if the question had been put to vote, even Horace Binney, our celebrated lawyer, who is always in the opposition upon such occasions, would have relaxed for once and voted with the rest of his fellow citizens.

## AN OUTSIDER.

One of the New York papers contains the following advertisement:—

NEW YORK, April 30, 1847.—This is to give notice that John Henry Covill left his bed and board somewhere in the middle of December, 1846, and if he gives no information where he can be heard from within three months, I shall get married again and leave the city. ELIZABETH COVILL.

"I shall get married again and leave the city"—we pity the poor man whom Elizabeth shall pounce on at the end of the three months, and carry off in her talons. John Henry will not be back again to his (*her?*) bed and board, we warrant it. He is off now, fairly out of her clutches, and nothing will please him better, most probably, than to hear that Elizabeth has spliced herself to some other unoffending but poor doomed male mortal.

## MIDSHIPMAN ROGERS.

The N. Y. Herald says that instructions have been issued to Commodore Perry, directing him, in the event of Midshipman Rogers being hanged as a spy, as was threatened in defiance of all law, to hang La Vega to the yard arm of one of the frigates, within full view of the city of Vera Cruz. Mr. Rogers has been removed from one prison to another, under the false charge of being a spy, until it is uncertain where he now is, or even whether he is alive. The conduct of the Mexican government towards him and the other American prisoners, should disgrace it before the whole world. The only excuse that can be made for it is, that cowards are always tyrants to the fallen.

## MEXICAN FLOWERS.

Several of our officers in Mexico, among whom is General Patterson, of this city, have taken advantage of their visit to procure and send home specimens of the many beautiful flowers of that tropical region. Among others sent to the Conservatory attached to the Patent Office at Washington, by General Patterson, are one barrel of plants, consisting of six species of *cacti*; one yucca, or Spanish bayonet, six species of *tilandsia*, and seven ephiphitic, or air plants. Among the last are *oncidiums*, *epidendrums*, *brass sacla*, &c., &c.,—all in good condition.

## A HARD CASE.

A woman in New York, recently, applied to one of the Courts for a divorce from her husband, but when the trial came on, she was unable to prove her marriage with the man.

## CENTRAL RELIEF COMMITTEE.

The following proceedings of a meeting of the Central Relief Committee of the Society of Friends, in conjunction with sundry members of the Auxiliary Committees of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Clonmel, and a large number of Friends from various parts of Ireland, held in Dublin on the 1st day of the 5th month, 1847, will be doubtless interesting to our readers:—

Statements have been laid before us of the supplies in money and food, consigned to the care of this Committee, chiefly from New York and Philadelphia, and the Citizens at large in many parts of the United States so far as information of the same, has hitherto been received. By these statements it appears that remittances in money have already been received from America by our Treasurers amounting to the sum of £13,083 9s. 1d., and that shipments of Provisions on upwards of 20 vessels in many cases forming whole Cargoes, and in aggregate quantity equal to about 30,000 Barrels of Corn Meal, besides many other articles of Food, and Sundry Packages of Clothing are now arrived, or on the way, and further considerable supplies likely to follow. In recording this extraordinary if not unparalleled manifestation of sympathy and liberality, we are bound to offer our grateful acknowledgments on behalf of the suffering poor of this afflicted country; for whose help these munificent supplies from the concurrence of several causes at the present time, proved peculiarly seasonable. We have also to record the grateful sense we entertain, of the confidence thus placed in our fidelity and discretion, and to express how deeply we feel the responsibility which devolves upon this Committee to carry out in the most prompt and efficient manner such measures of relief as may best comport with the designs of the generous Donors.

The Secretaries are directed to transmit a copy of this minute for Publication in the United States, as the only means available to us for conveying to the individual Contributors of these supplies our sense of the noble and generous spirit in which they have come forward for the relief of Ireland, under the present awful visitation of Famine.

Extracted from the Minutes.
JOHN HUGHES, Assistant Secretary.

## INVENTOR'S INSTITUTE.

An Institute has been formed in New York, for the purpose of assisting inventors who have not the means of completing their inventions. Destitute inventors, by applying to this body, will be made stockholders, and be provided with the necessary means of prosecuting their inventions to completion, and if need be, means of subsistence furnished to their families during the time. When a patent is obtained by the inventor, it will become by assignment the joint property of the Institute and the inventor, and made productive either by the sale of rights, or the manufacture of the article for sale.

It seems to us that such an institution may be made very useful, that is, if only such inventions are aided as are worthy of support and encouragement. Otherwise the authors of useless gimcracks of various kinds, will soon monopolise the means, and wear out the patience of the society.

# Editorial Varieties.

## IRISH IMPROVIDENCE.

The benevolent Dr. Whately, the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin, stated in the course of a recent address in the House of Lords, that the Irish people are improvident and inclined to dependence, to an extent he had never seen equalled in any country called civilized. A Dublin correspondent of the National A. S. Standard says:—

As an instance of this, he mentioned that in a sea-coast village in the county of Cork, there lived a number of fishermen, who were in the habit of getting abundance of fish at a bank about twenty miles from shore. Since the distress they had remained idle, although the fish were swimming almost in sight, fully satisfied with the miserable soup they received from charity. He had proposed to fit out these fishermen with food and tackling for the voyage; but he had been told by persons on the spot that it would be no use, for that if provisions were sent to sea, the men would land at night, consume their sea stores, and return to their soup kitchens. I have myself heard statements to a similar effect. And it is as I before mentioned, along the western coast where these habits peculiarly prevail, and where potatoes have formed the only diet of the people that this most terrible distress prevails.

The fact is, that this country is a tangled skein, and I fear it will be long before any one will be found able to do much for us, until we take up the unfashionable notion, that we must first try and help ourselves. We are like some foolish people so addicted to the use of physic that we wonder why we are never well, yet neglect the ordinary means of air and exercise, which are indispensable to the preservation of health. We are always crying out for the doctor—never contented unless we have Dr. O'Connell, or Dr. Peel, or Dr. Russell, or Dr. Mac Hale at our bedside. A queer old fellow, a Sir Isaac Coffin, for many years member of Parliament, was so annoyed by the continued irritation of Irish affairs, that he proposed a violent hydropathic remedy. It was simply this, that the Island should be laid under water for 24 hours. If his advice had been taken, much of the misery that has since taken place, would have doubtless been prevented—and your eyes would also have been saved the trouble of deciphering these hieroglyphics.

## JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY'S WILL.

The London Times contains the following particulars relative to the last will and testament of this truly excellent man. It is stated that he did not own *Earlham Hall*, the place of his residence, and that his estate was far less than was generally supposed. He gave away, annually, it is estimated, to different works of benevolence, about twenty thousand dollars:—

The late Joseph John Gurney, banker, of Norwich, left personal and funded property amounting to £140,000, and he directed his executors and trustees to invest £70,000, and to pay the interest to his widow for her life, giving her power to dispose of £20,000 by will. He bequeathed to his daughter a legacy of £20,000, and a further sum of £35,000 on the demise of his widow. His furniture plate and books, at his residence at Earlham Hall, he leaves for his wife and daughter to make a selection first therefrom, and the remainder to his son, who is the residuary legatee, and upon whom, at the decease of Mrs Gurney, will devolve the trust fund comprised in the marriage settlement. He has left to each clerk in the Norwich Bank, of which he was a partner, a legacy of £10, and to the public charitable institutions in the county, including several schools in connection with the Society of Friends he has left bequests amounting in the whole to 1,000 guineas. To his sister, Richenda Cunningham, £1,000, and other bequests to his family. To his nephew, Henry Birkbeck, £250, for his trouble as acting executor with his son, John Henry Gurney. The deceased executed his will in March, 1846, and died on the 4th of January last, aged 59.

## INTERNAL IMPROVEMENTS.

We see it stated that a great Convention for the purpose of considering means of internal improvements of general public value, is to assemble at Chicago, in July next. Daniel Webster is expected to be present. A correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer says:

The object of the Convention is to urge Congress to cut such a canal from Lake Huron to Lake Superior as the business will require, and let the commerce of that region flow through it *free* of toll. To purchase the canal around the Falls of the Ohio, enlarge it to the increased necessities of the day, and make that free—and perhaps make a similar recommendation with regards to the falls of the St. Anthony—and make that also free, and take such other steps as will secure to the great lakes of the West, good harbors and light-houses, and to the rivers the removal of such snags and sand bars as the experience of the past has proved to be practicable. Also to recommend Congress, in conformity with the improvements of the age, to abandon, as an "obsolete idea," the extension of the costly national road, west from Springfield, Ohio, across the States of Indiana and Illinois, to Jefferson City, in Missouri.

## THE INDIANA REGIMENT.

It has been ascertained by means of an inquiry into the conduct of Gen. Lane, who commands the Indiana Brigade, that the second regiment stood its ground and fought manfully, until ordered to retreat by its commanding officer, Colonel Bowles. The only fault of the regiment was, that it failed to retreat in an orderly and soldierly manner, or, having broken, to rally as soon as was possible. Gen. Lane, for the purpose of having the whole matter brought before a Court of Inquiry, insisted that his own conduct should be investigated, when the facts of the case were brought to light.

## THE AMERICAN SCHOOLMASTERS.

The Washington Union says:—

"The United States have no additional glory to acquire by war; and they will be the first to hail the restoration of peace. Let us *then* leave Mexico, after paying us the claims and indemnities which she owes us, to pursue her own destiny, to improve her own institutions, and *to profit by the example of order, refinement, energy and industry, which we have exhibited upon her territory*."

## CURIOUS STATEMENT.

We see it stated as an unaccountable fact that while the distress was at its height, the deposits in the Saving Banks in Ireland, were larger than they had ever been before.

This seems so unreasonable, that we are not disposed to credit it without further confirmation.

## A RECANTATION.

Fanny Kemble Butler, in her recent work, has taken the opportunity to nobly recant some of her statements relative to the habits of the Americans. A larger experience of mankind, has enabled her to see that with all their faults, the people of this country are far in advance of any other in genuine politeness and natural refinement of manners. She says:—

"If I had travelled more on the Continent before I went to America, I should have been infinitely less surprised and amazed than I was, at the various unpleasant peculiarities of its inhabitants.

"Oh, my poor dear American citizens! how humbly, on my knees, I do beg your pardon for all the reproaches I have levelled against your national diversion of spitting, and the consequent filth which you create around you. Here I sat in the cabin of this boat, surrounded with hawking and spitting, and whereas spittoons have been hitherto the bane of my life in the United States, a spittoon here today would have been the joy of my heart and delight of my eyes. How I thought, too, of the honor and security in which a woman might traverse alone from Georgia to Maine, that vast country, certain of assistance, attention, the most respectful civility, the most humane protection, from every man she meets, without the fear of injury or insult, screened by the most sacred and universal care from even the appearance of neglect or impertinence—travelling alone with as much safety and comfort as though she was the sister or daughter of every man she meets."

## LIBEL SUIT.

The Pittsburg Gazette states that the Rev. J. N. Maffitt has commenced libel suits against Messrs. Peck, Smith and Scudder, who signed a paper in reference to Mr. Maffitt's alleged expulsion from the New York city Methodist Churches. Also, against the publishers of the Christian Advocate, in which the alleged libel appeared. The suit is commenced as a civil one. Mr. Maffitt has employed David Graham, of New York, and Mr. Dyckman, of Brooklyn, as his counsel.

This strikes us as a novel plan for a "minister of the gospel" to resort to, to put down "false charges" against his character. We should think too, that it would turn out as unsuccessful as it is novel.

## LARGE RECEIPTS.

The receipts on the Delaware Division of the Pennsylvania Canal have increased fifteen thousand dollars over last year's income, or, in other words, trebled themselves. The superintendents write that if they have no bad luck, they will make the line this year pay the interest on three million of dollars. Its cost was about one million, four hundred thousand dollars. If our other canals and railroads will only pull up in this fashion, they will soon haul our good old Conestoga wagon State out of the mud and mire of debt, where foolish wagoners and bad roads together, have conspired to stall her.

## WOODEN LEGS.

It is now ascertained how Santa Anna manages to "get out of the way" so quickly, after every encounter. The night after the battle of Cerro Gordo, some of the American officers lodged at his country seat, where they found "*three boxes of wooden legs*." How can Scott, Taylor, or any other general with only two legs, manage to keep up with a man who has three boxes full. The idea is preposterous. If we were Santa Anna, therefore, we would challenge the American generals to a "losing game"—the victory being to him who lost the most ground and ran away the fastest. This is his true policy.

## COST OF WAR.

The British wars in India during only the last twenty years, have cost about two hundred millions of dollars. One-twentieth of this sum would doubtless have purchased all the benefits (if there be any) resulting from these sanguinary conflicts with the native tribes. But so long as the people, who "pay the piper," are content with these irrational and foolish outlays of the "fruits of toil," governments will pursue the old beaten and bloody track of coercion and carnage.

## MR. DEMPSTER.

We see it stated in the extracts from English papers, that Mr. Dempster, the vocalist, gave a concert at Aberdeen on the 13th of April, and expected to depart soon for his "*adopted* land," America.

We had thought Mr. Dempster was a native of Trenton, or some other town in New Jersey. What do our New Jersey exchanges know of the matter? We are anxious, if Mr. Dempster be an American, not to lose the honor of enrolling so sweet a singer among our native born.

## RAILROAD CONVENTION.

A convention was held at Indianapolis, on the 12th inst., consisting of delegates from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, relative to the construction of a Railroad from Cincinnati to St. Louis. Governor Bebb presided over the Convention. It was ascertained that the Indiana line is all chartered and companies formed from Terre Haute to Richmond. But few delegates, it is said, from Ohio and Illinois were in attendance—a fact we are unable to account for.

## BRITISH MEDIATION.

A correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, writing from the city of Mexico, under date of April 30th, says:

"The propositions of mediation made, three days ago, to the Government, (meaning the Executive) by the Minister of England, have been communicated to Congress, which has returned them to the Government, whence it is concluded that they will not be accepted."

## SAGE CONCLUSION.

The Montreal Courier, after carefully considering the subject, has come to the conclusion that at the close of the battle of Buena Vista, "the balance of advantage," so far as fighting is concerned, was on the side of Santa Anna.

One of our contemporaries thereupon wittily remarks, that "it is a pity Santa Anna did not stay to strike the balance."

## A RELIC OF BARBARISM.

We see it stated that a *young woman*, aged 18 years, was convicted at New Castle, Delaware, last week, of stealing some wearing apparel from her employer, and sentenced to *be whipped with 21 lashes on her bare back*.

Why does not Delaware abolish the whipping-post? It is a relic of barbarism that disgraces her.

# From the Seat of War

## FROM THE ARMY.

GEN. SCOTT'S FORCE—THE GUERILLAS—SANTA ANNA—LARGE TRAIN, &c.

We are indebted for the following items of news to the special express of the Public Ledger:—

By the arrival of the steamship Fashion, at New Orleans, we have later advices from Vera Cruz. The accounts are from Jalapa to the 11th inst.

The Fashion brought over Gen. Patterson and several officers who were wounded at Cerro Gordo; also, Captains Moore, Pickens, Jones and Coleman, of the Alabama volunteers. She also brought over many of the trophies of Cerro Gordo and Vera Cruz, such as cannon, stands of arms, standards, &c.

Several regiments of volunteers whose time of service had expired were at Vera Cruz on their way home.

Gen. Worth was expected to enter Puebla on the 17th instant. No resistance was anticipated at that place. There was some expectation that the army would march upon the capital, but with diminished numbers. The losses sustained in the army by the return of volunteers, and the necessary detachments to guard the cities of Jalapa, Perote and Puebla would leave Gen. Scott a force amounting to scarce six thousand to advance upon the city of Mexico.

Santa Anna's whereabouts was yet veiled in mystery. The camp was full of rumors, as is always the case, of the purposes of the Mexicans and the movements of political and military parties.

The guerillas do not give our troops as much trouble as was anticipated.

We notice with sincere pleasure that Gen. Shields is improving apace, and that his recovery is almost certain.

A correspondent of the N. O. Picayune writing from Jalapa, under date of May 11th, says:—

The reports in relation to Santa Anna are still contradictory, but all agree that he is at or near Orizaba. He has certainly threatened an attack upon Vera Cruz, and also upon this place, and there are those who think, judging from his threats and actions, that he has become mad since his recent reverses. The probability is, that he keeps his force about him partly for his own protection, and partly to be ready to strike a blow should a favorable opportunity offer.

Gen. Scott will probably leave, with Gen. Twiggs, in the course of a *few days*, for Puebla. His next movements will depend upon circumstances.

Another correspondent of the Picayune, writing from Vera Cruz, May 7th, gives the following particulars:—

A train is to leave this city to-morrow, which would be well worth a large cost for Santa Anna to cut off. It is immensely large and valuable, consisting of about four hundred wagons, loaded with supplies of all kinds, including over half a million of dollars, and a large number of pack mules, nearly or quite one thousand. The escort will consist of about one thousand soldiers, about one half of which are dragoons, sent down by Gen. Scott. It is quite probable that Santa Anna has intelligence of the preparation and importance of the train, and it is not improbable that he will endeavor to intercept it, and it is hoped that Gen. Scott will send a large reinforcement for the escort, so as to insure its perfect safety. Such a capture would about pay the Mexicans for all their losses since the commencement of the war.

The correspondence of the Delta says that, in addition to the strong guard that accompanied this train, the 3d, 7th and 9th infantry, with mountain howitzers, under the command of Col. Riley, was to meet it at San Juan del Rio. Besides this, Gen. Scott had so arranged the marching of the discharged volunteers, that one regiment would encamp at the same place with the train every night.

Part of the big train moved forward this afternoon for Santa Fe, eight miles from this city, where the train will be organized, and on Monday morning make a fair start. It will form one of the grandest caravans ever seen, extending fully six miles in length. It seems to me to be entirely too large a party, and could probably have been divided in numbers and time, to better purpose.

A squadron of dragoons has just come in from Jalapa, and report no change of affairs at that place. It is believed that Santa Anna, with some five or six thousand troops is moving, and that his destination is Vera Cruz. The story is refined upon until his distance from the city is narrowed down to fifteen miles, on the Orizaba road.

I to-day saw an *officer*, in the public plaza, insult a lady, or a female whose dress and manners were those of a lady. Another fellow this evening overturned a cigar and toy stand, kept by a very pretty Mexican or creole girl; and five minutes ago a posse of the police were under my window dragging one off for some offence of the kind. These are not very serious outrages, but similar ones are constantly occurring, and they disgrace the American character.

## FROM SANTA FE.

TRIAL OF INSURGENTS—MORE INSURRECTIONARY MOVEMENTS—THE GIBBET AND THE LASH—INDIAN DEPREDATIONS.

Lieut. Peck reached St. Louis, on the 17th inst., from Santa Fe. He brings information of the state of affairs at that place, with some particulars as to hanging and whipping, that will astonish the good people of this country not a little. The story of the shipwrecked sailor, who said when he happened to come across a gallows, "now I know I am in a civilized country," is forcibly brought to mind by a portion of the following intelligence:—

Colonel Price was still at Santa Fe. All was quiet apparently, but it seems evident that the volcano of discontent is but slumbering, as the general opinion is that it only requires some new, energetic and competent leader to fan up the flames of discontent, and stimulate a new rebellion among the Mexicans against Mr. Polk's civil government there. Every precaution necessary to security has been taken, and the fortifications are nearly in a fit state to afford certain protection in case of insurrection.

Judge Beaubien was still proceeding with the trial of the insurgents.

Lieutenants Beal, Talbot and others, left San Diego on the 25th of February, and brought interesting and important intelligence to Santa Fe.

At Taos, the Court which had been constituted to try the insurgents had condemned a large number of them. Eleven had been hung and a great many whipped. Six were hung the day Lieutenant Talbot passed through Taos.

These summary proceedings and the execution of their fellow countrymen had greatly exasperated the large body of the Mexicans, and there were efforts making to raise volunteers for another revolutionary movement. The Alcade and some men of property and influence, who were doing very well under the new *regime*, were opposed to such a movement, and thus probably may have the effect of checking it, as there appears but little concert of action among them, and the severity of punishment meted to former delinquents doubtless deters them.

In his route from Santa Fe, Lieutenant Peck was three times attacked by Indians, supposed to be Pawnees and Camanches. One of his escort was wounded. They stole several horses and mules. The want of an efficient force to keep these Indians in subjection and protect the route, is badly felt.

## FROM THE CITY OF MEXICO.

SANTA ANNA RAISING TROOPS—GUERILLA PERMITS—LETTER FROM SANTA ANNA—ARREST OF A YANKEE NEGOTIATING PEACE ON HIS OWN HOOK—AMNESTY DECLARED FOR ALL POLITICAL OFFENCES—FOUR THOUSAND MEXICAN TROOPS AT SAN LUIS POTOSI.

The New Orleans Picayune has papers (brought by the way of Tampico,) from the city of Mexico to the 28th of April, five days later than the papers previously received. We copy below from it:

We look first for news from Santa Anna, and we find him engaged, with the utmost diligence, at Orizaba, raising troops. He shows, as the letters well say, incredible energy in repairing the losses he has sustained, and ere this is no doubt at the head of an army very considerable in numbers, however inferior in discipline. He is, moreover, according to the papers, granting permits to guerilla bands. Being straightened for funds, he is said to have imposed upon Orizaba a loan of $16,000. We give a translation of the first letter we have seen of Santa Anna's since his defeat at Cerro Gordo. It is written on the 22d of April, from Orizaba:

"It appears that the enemy, improving his triumph, and the astonishment in which he finds the people, designs to march upon the capital; but I am taking measures to organize here a respectable force, in addition to that at present under the command of Gen. D. Antonio Leon, and I can assure the President Substitute, that with some aid from the neighboring States or the Supreme Government itself, I shall be able to harrass the rear guard of the enemy with effect until his destruction is achieved. I have already despatched orders to Gen. Canalizo that he protect with his cavalry the fortress of Perote, and to Gen. Gaona that he place it in the best state of defence until I can relieve him.

"I cannot omit to express to your Excellency my astonishment at the apathy and selfishness of our citizens in the present critical circumstances; and I now deem it necessary, to save the country, that the Supreme Powers of the nation should dictate severe and effective measures to enforce compliance on the part of every one with those duties which society and the laws impose upon him. If this is not done, if the nation does not rise *en masse* to defend its most sacred rights, unjustly and barbarously trampled upon, infamy and scorn, with the loss of our nationality, will be the results. For my part I shall spare no sacrifice in behalf of the country; my life and my blood, my repose and my fortune, are entirely consecrated to it.

"For the present I have established my head-quarters here, where I shall receive the orders which the Supreme Government may have occasion to transmit. Accept assurances, &c.

"God and Liberty!

"ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA."

A short letter which Santa Anna wrote the same day to President Anaya is hardly worth publishing. He begs him not to despair, not to make a treaty with the enemy, and to defend the capital. He begs most piteously for some money.

The same number of *El Republicano* which contains the first letter, defends the National Guard from the reproach therein cast upon it of the loss of Cerro Gordo. Santa Anna's *ipse dixit* has already lost much of its power. Notwithstanding the evident dissatisfaction felt with him by his countrymen, the Supreme Government has confirmed him in the command of the army by express orders. The necessity of such an order indicates that his authority has been severely shaken.

Some of the papers were calling for a court martial on Canalizo for his dastardly conduct at Cerro Gordo.

Each step in the march of Gen. Scott was chronicled in the papers of the capital, and the excesses of his troops were greatly magnified and denounced.

The press is loud in its denunciation of the proprietors of haciendas who are selling grain to Gen. Scott, from which we infer that he does not lack supplies.

Congress having conferred very ample powers upon the President Substitute to provide for the existing emergency in the affairs of the country, was occupying itself with the discussion of constitutional questions. The President shows a good deal more apathy than is acceptable to the editors of the *El Republicano*. They appeal to him to arouse himself and call forth the energies of the nation to meet the crisis. They denounce as cowardly and infamous any course other than war and a *long war*. Those who are suspected of more peaceable views are denounced in no measured terms.

A "Yankee" was arrested on the 26th, having presented himself to the President to confer with him upon the propriety of peace, but in no authorized capacity. No clue is given as to who the man is. He is negotiating "on his own hook."

A general and absolute decree of amnesty for all political offences is announced in the papers of the 27th.

In Toluca the casting of cannon was immediately to be commenced, the prelates of San Francisco and La Mercede having offered the bells necessary for the construction of cannon.

The Mexicans speak of the conspiracy which was entered into among their countrymen in Tampico, to obtain possession of that town, as having failed principally for want of funds; but they indulge the hope that another attempt will be more successful.

D. Miguel Orbe, the curate of Huauchinango, is raising a company of guerillas, and upon the following terms:

HUAUCHINANGO, April 23, 1847.

He who subscribes this, pledges himself to the five following articles:

1st. To die defending and avenging Our Lady of Guadaloupe, and the Catholic, Apostolical Roman religion which he professes.

2d. To defend the integrity and independence of his nation.

3d. To pursue with death the Anglo-Americans, their followers, defenders or allies, whoever they may be.

4th. To abjure and detest the personal party of whoever have destroyed their country.

5th. To respect all legitimate authority, whatever it may be, in every thing not repugnant to the preceding articles.

These five articles shall be the fundamental rule of their guerilla, and it shall be denominated—*La Insurgente Guadalupana*.

(Signed,) MIGUEL ORBE.

The owners of the mine, La Luz, have presented or loaned the government of Mexico $55,000 for the expenses of the war.

Letters had been received in the capital from San Luis Potosi, announcing that the government of the State had promulgated a decree that every citizen should take up arms, and that the enthusiasm to defend themselves was very great. There were about four thousand troops of the army of the north then in the city. Gen. Taylor, they supposed, was to move upon them from Saltillo about the 1st of May.

The Picayune says:—

A letter has been received in this city from the city of Mexico, dated as late as the 30th of April. It is from an influential source. All that we can learn of its contents is that there is a large number of citizens of the capital, men of worth and substance, who are decided advocates of peace. But their influence is utterly overborne by the voices of the noisier populace, the military and political parties, whose cry is war. No one openly advocates peace, though many yearn for it.

Mr. Black, late U. S. Consul at the city of Mexico, states that when he left the capital, so much confusion prevailed, that no idea could be formed what would take place. The government, however, had determined to remove to Lajos, a hundred leagues distant, when our army reached the vicinity. This was before the battle of Cerro Gordo. Major Gaines, Major Borland, and Captain Clay were then in close confinement, Gen. La Vega turning a deaf ear to their complaints.

## ATROCIOUS ORDER.

The following is the order of Canales, referred to in our editorial article upon a Guerilla War. It concludes, as usual, "God and Liberty"—it should conclude, Devil and Deviltry:—

FRONTIER BRIGADE OF CAVALRY,
Camp in San Augustin, April 4, 1847.

I this day send to the Adjutant Inspector of the National Guards, the following instructions:—

I learn, with the greatest indignation, that the Americans have committed a most horrible massacre at the rancho of the Gualalupe. They made prisoners, in their own houses and by the side of their families, twenty-five peaceable men and immediately shot them. To repel this class of warfare, which is not war but atrocity in all its fury, there is no other course left us than retaliation; and in order to pursue this method, rendered imperative by the fatal circumstances above mentioned, you will immediately declare martial law, with the understanding that eight days after the publication of the same, every individual who has not taken up arms (being capable of so doing) shall be considered a traitor and instantly shot.

Martial law being in force, you are bound to give no quarters to any American whom you may meet or who may present himself to you, even though he be without arms. You are also directed to publish this to all the towns in this state, forcibly impressing them with the severe punishment that shall be inflicted for the least omission of this order.

We have arrived at that state in which our country requires the greatest sacrifices; her sons should glory in nothing but to become soldiers, and as brave Mexicans to meet the crisis. Therefore, if the army of invasion continues, and our people remain in the towns which they have molested, they deserve not one ray of sympathy; nor should any one ever cease to make war upon them. You will send a copy of this to each of your subordinates, and they are authorized to proceed against the chiefs of their squadrons or against their colonels, or any other, even against me, for any infraction of this order—the only mode of salvation left us. The enemy wages war against us, and even against those peaceable citizens who, actuated by improper impulses, desire to remain quiet in their houses. Even these they kill, without quarter; and this is the greatest favor they may expect from them. The only alternative left us, under these circumstances, is retaliation, which is the strong right of the offended against the offending. To carry this into effect, attach yourself to the authorities. Your failing to do this, will be considered a crime of the greatest magnitude. All the officers of the troops are directed to assist you in carrying out this order, and it is distinctly understood there shall be no exceptions. Neither the clergy, military citizens nor other persons shall enjoy the privilege of remaining peaceably at their homes. The whole of the corporation shall turn out with the citizens, leaving solely as authority of the town, one of the members who is over sixty years of age; at the same time, if all the members are capable of bearing arms, then none shall be excepted; leaving to act some one who is incapable of military service. You yourself must be an example to others, by conforming to this requisition. And I send this to you for publication, and charge you to see it executed in every particular, and communicate it also to the commanders of the squadrons in your city, who will aid you in carrying into effect these instructions; and in fact, you are directed to do all and every thing which your patriotism may prompt. God and Liberty! ANTONIO CANALES.

In addition to the above "order," we may state that it is reported in New Orleans on the strength of private letters, that Gen. Alvarez is marching from Northern Mexico, with upwards of 25,000 men, whom he means to scatter in Guerilla parties covering the whole country between Jalapa and Puebla—also between the former place and Vera Cruz, and that the inhabitants of many of the villages are arming and going forth to meet him as Guerilleros.

The New Orleans Mercury of the latest date has intelligence showing that Santa Anna's orders, and the movements resulting therefrom, correspond with those of Canalizo. The Guerilla warfare is about to be commenced with great activity on the part of the enemy.

We may also state that the Spanish paper in New Orleans "La Patria" publishes a letter to the effect that Santa Anna has issued, from Orizaba, over one hundred commissions to as many Guerilla officers, authorizing them to command small itinerant parties of fifty to two hundred men each. Some of these it is added, have already commenced their operations on the Jalapa road.

## GEN. SCOTT'S ARMY.

The Commercial Bulletin, commenting on the probability of an advance on the capital of Mexico, says:—

The whole force that landed at Vera Cruz did not exceed 13,000 men—of these the garrison and the sick left at Vera Cruz, are about 1,500—the loss at Cerro Gordo, 500; the sick and garrison of Jalapa, 1,000; a garrison at Perote, 500; and the volunteer regiments now discharged, say 2,500, makes an aggregate of 6,000; leaving an effective force of only 7,000 men for the march on Puebla. We have placed the garrisons at Jalapa and Perote at a very low, and in the disturbed state of the country, we think, at a very unsafe number. Less than 2,000 would also be a very unsafe garrison to leave at Puebla, which is a city of 80,000 inhabitants, who could overpower even a much larger force. This would still further reduce Gen. Scott's force, and leave him only 5,000 men, with which to proceed to the capital, without counting any further deduction for the casualties and losses on the march. Under such circumstances, we think there can be little doubt, that for the present he will not attempt going beyond Puebla.

The following regiments have been ordered to join Gen. Scott as quickly as they can be mustered into service, and sent forward: the 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 15th and Voltigeurs.

The Union has stated, that of these, 4,000 would be by this time *en route* for the seat of war.

## ARMY PLUCKINGS.

A Tampico correspondent of the Picayune, says:—

If some of the persons connected with the Army do not return to the United States richer than when they left it, then it is not because they are not well paid—for instance, the Commandant of this place receives, in addition to his regular pay as Colonel $200 per month; the Chief of Police, who is a Major in the regular service, $100, and some dozen of other minor officers in like proportion. Now, I do not pretend to find fault with this, for I believe they are justly entitled to it and earn it, but give it to you as an item of news. In some future letter I will give you an account of the courts of justice, city revenue, &c.

The new Custom House regulations for the Mexican ports went into operation here on the 1st inst. Mr. Chase, husband of the celebrated Mrs. Ann Chase, has been appointed Collector. There is a great field open here and in other Mexican ports, now in possession of the Americans, for office seekers, and I think that President Polk has now a fine opportunity to rid himself of some of those who hang about the White House.

## ARMY ITEMS.

There seem to be doubts of the onward movement of Gen. Scott, notwithstanding the intelligence brought by Gen. Pillow, given in our last number.

Lieut. Col. May has been enthusiastically received at the various public places of New Orleans.

Letters from Tampico state that apprehension is felt that a scouting party of eighty men have been taken by the enemy. The soldiers will not re-enlist, but are anxious to escape from service.

Gen. Taylor, it was expected, would be delayed some time longer at his present encampment, on account of the want of re-inforcements to take the place of the volunteers who are leaving him.

The discharged volunteers who had arrived in New Orleans, were in wretched health and ragged.

We have heard nothing further of the rumored offer to surrender the city of Mexico.

## AMERICAN PRISONERS.

A letter has been published in the Mexican papers, signed by the American prisoners now confined in Mexico, viz., Majors Gaines and Borland, Captains Clay and Danley, and Lieutenant Davidson, addressed to General Santa Anna, and remonstrating with him against the treatment they have received since their arrival at the city of Mexico. They assert that the terms of their capitulation have been entirely disregarded, and that they have been frequently subjected to the most grievous deprivations. They refer Santa Anna to La Vega, as a competent authority to prove the different manner in which Mexican prisoners are treated by the American government. The following are the terms upon which they surrendered:

The terms were, that the General himself should receive the sword of our commander; that public property should be surrendered; and private property should be respected; and that the best treatment, in every particular, known amongst civilized nations to prisoners of war should be ours.

The General, (Minon) when asked to reduce these terms to writing, gave us the most positive assurances that his word of honor was worth more than three or four signatures, and that, unless his agreement was fully carried out, he would abandon the service of his country. On our journey to this city we had the gratification to meet your Excellency, and, after stating to you the terms of our capitulation, received the pleasing assurance that they should be complied with.

Instead of complying with the above terms, the Mexicans have kept them imprisoned in the donjon keep of the Castle of Santiago, where they have been immured since the 27th of February, without being once allowed to breathe the free air of heaven. Such conduct is most atrocious.

## FROM GENERAL TAYLOR.

The War Department has received the following letter from Gen. Taylor, dated "Camp near Monterey, April 21st."

Since my despatches of April 11th, Major Chevallie has reached this place with a part of his command, the remainder being detached with a train now on its way up, via. China. Agreeable to my orders, Major Chevallie has explored the country between China and Montemorelos, and has ascertained satisfactorily that Gen. Urrea has left that region and has probably recrossed the mountains. The communications are now infested only by bands of robbers, which are very numerous in the country. Our escorts can thus be reduced much below the strength which it has hitherto been necessary to employ.

I learn that Col. Doniphan is probably by this time at Parras, on his way from Chihuahua to Saltillo, having anticipated my orders to march on the latter place.

It is represented by a person who has just arrived from San Luis, that not more than one-half of Gen. Santa Anna's original force was saved in the retreat after the battle of Buena Vista, and that his march is indicated by the dead strewed along the road for sixty leagues. Nearly all the troops have been withdrawn from San Luis and the adjacent positions.

## MEXICAN STATEMENT.

A Mexican officer who was taken prisoner at Cerro Gordo, has made the following statement, of which our readers may believe just as much as they think proper:—

"The Mexican forces which fought at Cerro Gordo were a little over 3,000; for, although there were 6,000 infantry, five battalions of these retired without taking part in the battle, and the cavalry remained all the time at Corral Falso. The American forces may be estimated at from 10 to 12,000—although General Scott told the Mexicans of the advanced lines, inviting their surrender, that he had them surrounded by 15,000 men.

"The loss on the part of the Mexicans is calculated to be about 1,000 men dead and wounded; and it may reasonably be expected that the American loss was larger, on account of what they suffered on the 17th, at the windings of the Cerro and in the woods at the left of the glacis, as also on the 18th, in these same points, and on attacking the advanced lines."

## FROM CALIFORNIA.

On the 25th of February, Col. Fremont was at Ciudad de Angeles, where he was acting Governor, having been appointed by Commodore Stockton, who was on board his ship, and had left that part of the coast.

General Kearney was joined at San Diego, on the 6th of February, by Lieut. Col. Cook, of the Mormon Battalion, the officers and men of which were all in splendid condition and health. Gen. K. then proceeded to Monterey, where he was joined by the two Baltimore Artillery Companies.

Nothing had been heard of Col. Stevenson and his New York Regiment of California Volunteers.

The dispute as to precedence between Commodore Stockton and Gen. Kearney had not been settled, but as they were acting in different quarters no unpleasant results could be anticipated.

The return of Gen. Kearney is still spoken of, but no definite time fixed. Col. Doniphan, it is said, may return by the way of Texas.

## LAMENTABLE ACCIDENT.

Information has been received of a most melancholy casualty on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, resulting in the death of a gentleman, who, at the time of his discovery, was not known, but who has since been recognized as Robert Scott, of the firm of R. Scott & Co., shoe dealers, in Market street, near Fourth. The body was found on the railroad, a short distance from Perryville, Cecil county, Md., at an early hour on Tuesday morning, in a most frightful and horrid condition, the face being nearly ground off, and the body otherwise shockingly mutilated. Along the road, for about a mile, money and papers were strewed, supposed to be, and no doubt were, the property of the deceased, from which it is presumed that the unfortunate deceased was dragged the whole of that distance by the train, suffering the agonies of a thousand deaths before life had become extinct. A clue to his place of residence was furnished by his name, and that of the bootmaker, being written in one of his boots, which was found upon the road. —*Public Ledger.*

## FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Tuesday, 3 P. M.—The market for breadstuffs is still inactive, and without material change in prices. We notice sales of 1,800 to 2,000 bbls of Flour, at $9. In consequence of the more abundant supply and lower price at New York, we hear that 3,000 bbls. were bought there yesterday for this market. Sales of Corn Meal at $5¼ a $5⅜ and $5 44. Rye Flour is worth $6¼ a $6½.

GRAIN.—Wheat is still in demand, at $2 05 for red and $2 10 a $2 12 for white. Large sales of Corn at $1 14 a $1 16, weight. Oats, Southern, 60c; Northern 65.

WHISKEY is firm at 35 a 37c.—*Ledger.*

NEW YORK INDIANS.—The New York Historical Society has resolved on raising money to bring back from the West the remnants of the Iroquois. They were induced to emigrate last summer by speculators, and have nearly half of them perished on the unhealthy location beyond the south-west border of Missouri, which was assigned them by Government. At a recent meeting of the New York Historical Society, an Iroquois was present, and addressed the meeting with thrilling effect, and solicited the aid of the Society to save his people from utter extermination.

"We shall not long," said he, "occupy much room in living; we shall occupy still less when gone; a single tree of the thousands which sheltered our forefathers—one old elm under which the representatives of the tribes were wont to meet—will cover us all, but we would have our bodies twined in death among its roots, on the very soil whence it grew! perhaps it will last the longer from being fertilized with their decay.

EXEMPLARY DAMAGES.—In the case of Henrietta Bishop vs. James Smart, heard before his honor Judge Reid, yesterday, in the Mason County Court, the jury returned a verdict of $3,000 in favor of the plaintiff. The plaintiff, a widow, sued the defendant for debauching her daughter.—*Maysville (Ky.) Eagle, May 8th.*

MR. MAFFITT.—The case of Mr. Maffitt is now under discussion before the Methodist Conference in New York. The particular question now up, relates to the propriety of the conduct of Mr. Green, pastor of a church in Brooklyn, in receiving him to the communion while he was under censure.

☞ A striking coincidence was observed at Cincinnati last week. As soon as the Mayor of that city issued his orders for the destruction, by the city police, of all dogs found in the streets, fifteen barrels of Bologna sausages on one day only were shipped for the London markets.

DEATH.—Mr. Charles Adams, tried week before last in Queen Anne's Court for manslaughter, in causing the death of a negro boy owned by him, was acquitted. It was proven that the result of the punishment inflicted on the boy was entirely accidental.

INDIANS AT WAR.—The Indians of the West, in imitation of civilized nations, have gone to war. A gentleman from Council Bluffs, reports at St. Louis the occurrence of a fight between the Otoes and Sioux Indians.

# United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana, South, Central and Western Texas, and Mexico.

JOHN HIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISAAC D. SMITH, of Philadelphia, Travelling Agent for the Southern and Western States, viz: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Oregon, California, and Mexico.

Mr. JAMES M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Maryland and DELAWARE.

THOMAS PETERS is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE solicits for us in Penn.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

## Local Intelligence.

PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.

We understand that the lectures of Col. F. S. Saile, on the above subjects, was a very racy and instructive discourse. The audience was large, and apparently much pleased. We regretted our own inability to be present on the occasion.

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The exhibition of paintings at the Academy is attracting crowds of visitors. No one who has an opportunity, should fail to visit it.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON RAILROAD.—This road is completed nearly to Bridesburg, the track having been relaid with a new rail of superior rail, rolled at the Trenton Mills, of a pattern altogether new. When the road is completed and the depots made their most central points, they will connect with the morning line for New York, by which means Philadelphia passengers will be able to get in New York at 12 o'clock, instead of 8 in the morning. This will make four regular daily lines between the cities. The Trenton News says that the cars are running between that city and Kensington, but in the present unfinished state of the work they are not permitted to make more than Twelve miles per hour. The road is expected to be completed by the first of May.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 141—65 adults and 76 children.

## New Publications.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Godey's Book, for June, is quite a rich affair in the way of embellishment, being carefully *Gravelook*. First we have a fine engraving of Grand Gallopade, figures first rate and so on, but of little more no—as the rubbish in all cleared away in the picture; then we have a portrait of the old sedger himself, with what we call a pretty good likeness, only a trifle too bank beneath; and, to crown all, a lithograph of the admirably executed statue which our City Councils in their wisdom have seen fit to have sculptured and placed in the College. It is a pretty piece of work, and does Girard, it is well known, was one eyed, and he certainly has" the eye single" in the main chance all the days of his life (he never was very single-eyed in any of the present, for that would never do, considering how rich a man he was), and that he left so much of his money to build a refuge for *the poor orphans*, which "charity" (correct, in the main) of his many years after several, *additions and improvements by Campbell Mo-ti, etc.*

Next Professor Gerry (a Philadelphian) has some lessons to contain instructions in every branch of the art of parliament, with receipts for all the fashionable prepara tions. It consists of a single Spanish word, and is bound in Roman Pomades and "Divers" Pomades, Perfumed and Ambrosial Oils, Cosmetic Oils, Preparations for the Hair, Paints, Tinctures, Perfumes, Soaps, &c. &c. Truly it is a most elaborate work, for it is put up in a box, and on the inside of whose preparation is described in it, the simple instruction that the purchaser is in danger of being constantly deceived and entrapped by the merchant and shall quack united was; and where they think they can the "scheme of deceit" is intended to be practised, as a "universal result," the result of powders and cosmetics, and so on, and so on round and so over and over.

PSYCHOLOGY, or, THE PRINCIPLES OF PENMANSHIP. *By T. B. Sanborne. A new edition, with illustrations. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard.* We presume the publishers are wise in this day of ready translations from the French, and have hence been induced to call the attention of those of such a thing as a good French work, must not indulge in the sweeping denunciations before reading Pereira For Persian is the same as Greek, and Greek is not at all different from the "Mysteries of Paris," and all the popular books of French origin are, of course, "Greek to the common eye." The present edition is got up in beautiful style, with fine engravings, and elaborate upon the subject. We recommend to those of our readers who were not fortunate enough to meet with Pitcairn some years ago, and to learn from him the art of writing with all the rage, is now an time in procuring it now—and to those who read it, then, to be on the look out for some of the mode of whose preparation is described in it, the simple instruction that the purchaser is in danger of being constantly deceived and entrapped by the merchant and quack united was; and where they think they can the "scheme of deceit" is intended to be practised, as a "universal result," the result of powders and cosmetics, and so on, and so on round and so over and over.

THE PHILADELPHIA AND TRENTON RAILROAD.—This road is completed nearly to Bridesburg, the track having been relaid with a new rail of superior rail, rolled at the Trenton Mills, of a pattern altogether new. When the road is completed and the depots make their most central points, they will connect with the morning line for New York, by which means Philadelphia passengers will be able to get in New York at 12 o'clock, instead of 8 in the morning. This will make four regular daily lines between the cities. The Trenton News says that the cars are running between that city and Kensington, but in the present unfinished state of the work they are not permitted to make more than Twelve miles per hour. The road is expected to be completed by the first of May.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 141—65 adults and 76 children.

## Casualties.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

The Clarksville Chronicle of the 6th contains the following particulars of the explosion of the boilers of the New Hampshire.

The explosion accident occurred sixty miles below Little Rock, killing sixteen persons. Among those were Capt. Allen's brother George, 1st Clerk Mr. Cooper, the 2d Clerk; one cabin girl and one deck passenger. The remainder were of the crew.

Capt. George Allen was found about one hundred and fifty yards from the boat. The second clerk was not seen after the explosion. One of the pilots was thrown into the river, but saved. The details are very meagre. She was literally shattered into fragments not a portion of her being left but a number of the ladies' cabin. In the whole history of steamboat explosions, we have not heard of one that could compare with this in its destruction to the boat. Many of the killed appeared to have been torn to shreds, and on the tops of the trees, next morning, could be seen fragments of clothing, which a few hours before enclosed living, breathing forms, thus showing that in some cases the bodies must have been thrown higher than the tree tops before falling. Some were killed by falling timbers, others by the concussion,

## Selected Poetry.

### FLOWERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Buttercups and daisies—
Oh, the pretty flowers—
Coming was the sign for showers,
To tell of spring hours!
While the grass was bursting,
While the skies were blue,
While the lambs were sporting,
By their mothers' view;
Pretty things, up here and there!

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the Cowslip bell—
Ere the early primrose—
Starry star—
Have you seen, in sunny spots,
Where the wild thyme grows?
Somewhere 'neath the forest grass
Peeps the dainty white.
Like the lovely flowers,
Are the children poor,
Playing in their stuffy health
By their mother's door;
Purple with the north wind,
Fat alert and bold;
Fearing not and caring not,
Through their life untold.

What to them is wealth?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are those human flowers.
He who gives them healthy,
And a life of care;
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear!

Welcome, yellow buttercups,
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are in my heart of hearts
Ye mind me of delight—
Yeamed a delight—
Coming in the spring-time,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking in our hearts of Him
Who feeds all things well.

## Choice Selections.

### WORST FORM OF TAXATION.

"Tid you ever hear, sir, of taxation in its worst form?"

"No, sir."

"Then I'll tell you where you'll find it; it's in Morocco. The Emperor, you must know, Mr. Dump, cannot call on his subjects for their taxes directly; but he sends an order to the sheik, or some other subaltern sort of character. The sheik calls for the richest man in his village, and states that, like Mr. York, they are wanted. The Jews are generally those most likely to be selected. Well, they are brought into the presence of the man of authority, and ranged according to rank; that is, according to the amount of 'available' they are supposed to possess. One of the highest rank are placed in boxes suited to their dimensions—their heads being left out, in order that they may see what is going on. A grim old Moor, the executioner of the tribe, perhaps, comes forward with a saw in his hand, and at a given signal commences sawing away at the box. "Cold as charity!" says the sheik, who, I might as well say, is a perfectly disinterested spectator, as a single shilling's worth of property is not at stake. "Cold as charity!" says the Emperor, who is himself a philosopher, but he is a reboot and athletic man, and will not stop till the cold tells him to do so. The cold looks on and says not a word, and the old Moor saws on, and says just as little, but the man in the box protests that his sprigs are dried up, his dates have failed, his wives are dead, his horse flying, that a pastre is a currency to him, and "Job's turkey" a Cossac in comparison; in short, that he cannot produce a shekel!"

"Chee-chaw" is the voice of the saw: the old Moor goes on, and the saw is entering the wood; aye, it saithly shew very long if his visage.

"Most magnificent!" says he, in agony of fear, "I will give thee a thousand!" The cold shakes his head, and the saw enters farther—now into the texture at his usher garments.

"Five thousand!" is the cheer the man in the box a bad, but, yes, you will say.

"Fifty thousand!" replies the cold, unmoved in thought, unmoved in purpose.

"Chee-chaw! chee-chaw!" goes on the saw, and the old Moor looks on his business, for he knows that it is easy in end.

"Most Magnificent!" screams the bound, "fifty thousand! fifty thousand!" for the saw, you must understand, is eating into his flesh. Well, he always has a friend at hand with the necessary number of purses, which being presented, they rip him, or I should say the box, open and let him out. A man possessed of more moderate means is spoonied. His "taxation" is a rough angular stone, placed in his closed head, over which a piece of green hide is tightly sewed. The hand thus enclosed is expected to the influence of a Morocco sun. The contracting of the hide envelope, ye can easily conceive, will bring any reasonable man to terms.

"I should most certainly think so!" remarked Dump.

"But," continued Rogue, "the compulsory person adopted with the minor liabilities, is the most ingenious of all. He's never seen the eccentric style of dress, Mr. Dump, have you? Instead of our fashion of commonsensables, they cover their ex terminor to a suit of loose bag, with loads of the lowest part just large enough to stick their legs through. Well, when they don't come up to law, and fork over the money, or throw hundred as may be, several large thread-cats are placed in the capacious kind of bosom—the individual then has his hands tied in front, and is led through the streets by a grave official with a very long beard, and followed by crowds of boys, who are watching the workins of the village all of whom are watching to ascertain what degree of scratching and biting a man can endure. You must know that these miniature tigers, when jumbled together in such an unceremonious fashion, are not the most amiable animals in the world. In fine, the gravelleur is absolutely clawed into fulfilling his national duties to the pet in his capacious treasurehouse."

"What an unfortunate position to be placed in," said Dump.—*Knickerbocker.*

### THE GOLDEN NAIL.

AN ALCHEMICAL ANEODOTE.

Therese Neue, a man of infinite whim and mechanic, was the author of some works which sufficiently prove that his mechanical temper was not much to be relied on. The story of his golden nail is curious. Having worked away his fortune in alchemy, and failed to discover the grand elixir, he had a mind at once to get into the service of a certain prince, and to establish a character of himself to all the world, as if possessed of the grand alchemical secret. To this purpose he declared, that he had found out a liquor which would immediately convert all metals plunged into it, both into gold and into the solubility of the place, all all the assets, were invited to see the experiment; and the chemist having prepared a bath of the half of which men ran, and the other half, well joined together, cooled over the gold part with a thin crust of iron, which he poured so nicely to the rest of the iron that no eye could discover the fallacy. Having this ready, he placed his vessel of liquor on the table, which was at once that the contents on to form. Then, smiling to a step for some nails of the same kind, he, by an easy kind of legerdemain, when he had desired the company to examine them well, gave them some nails, took out his own, and after turning it about before the company, plunged it half way into the liquor, a burning and bubbling soon arose, and the *aqua fortis* immediately dissolved, and washed off the iron coat, and the gold appeared. The nail was handed round to the whole company, and finally delivered to the prince, in whose cabinet it now remains. The gold-maker was dismissed to dig more nails, and other things, but he immediately threw away the liquor, telling them they had seen enough. He was made happy for the rest of his life, but all the alchemists in the world could never get him to make any more gold.

### FRENCH POLITENESS.

BY FANNY KEMBLE BUTLER.

It is now twenty years since I was in France; and the common opinion of English people, and of the French themselves too, is, that they have very much departed from the affable and courteous manners which were once a sort of national characteristic among them. If my personal experience of it may be taken for any thing, politeness in every variety of public conveyance, affords any opportunity of practising, I should pronounce them to be highly polished. Suppose a total absence of the reference to other people's convenience and pleasure, which certainly forms the basis of English notions of politeness, in any class. The desire of pleasing which exhibited it self frequently daily in a stranger, but often in very personally, while I was in Paris, and which, even, appears to have given way to a selfish disregard of others, which manifests itself in a rudeness of deportment quite as offensive as the sullen silence of pride and shyness which we long distinguished the travelling English, wherever they were not with. While losing the person of their (perhaps superficial) politeness, the French have acquired some of the decorum and decency of deport. ment, the absence of which was remarked by me in the midst of their most contrivous demonstrations; and while acquiring something of the manner selfish carriage of our people, they have failed to attain the particle either of their cleanliness or propriety of person, language, or manners. Thus, a Frenchman is neat and quiet in the use of his knife, when he has like a trumpet in your ear, and yawns under your nose. Their language is frequently positively and exceedingly indecorous, and the tone of it always more or less borders upon what Englishmen would consider unwarrantable freedom. I do not wonder Frenchmen, who do not travel much, feel surprised